1: Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
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meals prepared for them. Blind Bert's relatives, including a newly 758
acquired son-in-law, helped him about at the dance. But in some cases, such attentions are short-lived as though people were impatient. Thus the real burden of Bert's care fell on his wife's shoulders, although he had adult children in the same camp. On the other hand, note Smyella's story of how he got shaman after shaman for his son (p. 280). Expressions of real concern for an ailing relative are by no means uncommon.

While the formal expression of sympathy for grief may take the form 152
of a forced wailing, real sympathy is certainly voiced. For example, 571
the men refrained for some time from using the customary sweatlodge, situated near the home of a man whose brother had recently died, because, as they said, the relatives were sad. The dead man's young son [736]
was treated with the greatest tenderness by his maternal grandparents, [603]
who now took charge of him.

Personal cleanliness is, I think, somewhat greater than among the 515
Zuñi and White Mountain Apache. Children spend summer days splash- [871]
ing in the creek, and men and women bathe in the sweatlodge and creek, somewhat indiscriminately. Men are not always careful to avoid ex- [834]
posure. Men are somewhat cleaner than women. Clothing is only in- [296]
frequently washed: women wear their cotton slips while in the creek. Not much lousing or scratching is seen.

Estimates of individual worth are based on abilities, yet here, as 554
always, values follow conventional standards. Chiefs become such by 624
prestige and renown based on their personal qualities (dignity, industry, and even temper), on their wisdom, bravery, and friendship with foreigners. A man who would otherwise inherit chieftainship, yet lacks these qualities, would fail of receiving it. Chiefs are not gauged on their hospitality or liberality. Three of the six chiefs are recognized as the best speech makers in the tribe; an evaluation which even an outsider must agree is just. Rock Jones, the shaman, is credited with being best acquainted with the folk-tales, as well as being the best raconteur.

One individual, a man of middle-age, is known as an habitual liar. 558
His veracity is held at such low value that no one repeats a statement of his without prefixing, "P—— said this." Captain Burro, now elderly, seems to have been a butt all his life. As a boy he was the subject of the smudge-punishment, as a young man his marksmanship was held in disdain, and today he suffers the jokes of the young men and the indifference of his peers.

Some women have reputations as basket makers. The criterion is 555
apparently regularity of stitch, although the best of Havasupai products is inferior in this regard.

2:11iff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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their love of excitement undoubtedly would prompt them to find some other way to keep the village astir and themselves interested.

Long after the dispute was settled, Billy's wife's reiteration, "I too mad," stayed with me. It helped me to appreciate the basic honesty of these children of nature: no soft words covered angry thoughts; no smile hid a broken heart. They expressed their emotions, with zest and energy and, if the occasion required, with violence, as did the Bear, the Coyote and the Deer who, from the Days of Old, had taught the Havasupai the wisdom they themselves had gleaned from the wilderness when time was young.

727 It was a gala occasion of feasting and dancing. Faces were
162 grotesquely painted, costumes and ornaments were designed to heighten the emotional orgy. Enemy scalps, taken in the fight, were washed and cleaned by the old women, then tied to the tip of an upright pole. The people danced round and round the pole, patting their mouths, giving a more savage note to the victory song, working themselves into a frenzy while they harangued the scalps, blaming them for the raid. "We do not steal from your home. We stay here and make our gardens grow. You kill our people. You steal our food, our blankets, our horses, our women. Now you cannot eat. You cannot sleep warm at night. You are dead."

When Gentle Annie or any of the older Indians spoke of the victory dance, emotions ran deep, their eyes kindled with a fierce light. Again they were driving back the hated foe, running the scalping knife around the hairline of his abandoned dead, peeling off a scalp.

648 Eventually, the Great Father in Washington sent his soldiers to clear the canyon of all hostile Indians and settle for all time the matter of raids. We found the names of soldiers and those of army officers, including General Crook's carved on the canyon walls.

712 We retraced our steps down the trail feeling that, in those little rooms, we ourselves had lived their tribal wars. We crossed over to the fort that stood on an outjutting bluff, impregnable on three precipitous sides; on the fourth side, a narrow trail wound steeply to its top. At several points along the trail we found piles of stones left from their last battle, ready to be rolled down on an enemy. We picked up arrowheads, but could not determine whether they had been dropped there by the Havasupai or shot there by the enemy, nor if they had been smeared with the deadly poison. We peeped through the portholes, took pictures of the place and departed.

713 High up on the wall to our left were two lonely figures, the
823 Buck and the Squaw. The Indians had told me the legend of their plight, so we stopped to see how closely the two stones resembled the figures of a man and a woman. At a time when the Apache had

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is not so much difference after all in human nature, when one penetrates below the surface. The reserved Englishman, the excitable Italian, the vivacious Frenchman, and the so-called stupid and stolid native aboriginal American exhibit exactly the same traits of character under the excitement of a horserace. But in Havasu Canyon the conditions are quite different from Ascot, Doncaster, or Newmarket. Here are bucks dressed in the breech-clout and excitement, and women [291] gesticulating and waving their si-dram'-as (our large flaming red or other "loud" colored bandannas, fastened over the shoulders and across the breast). [152] Some suppress their excitement, others jabber like monkeys, and as the horses come to the starting-point there is just as much talking and din as after the start is made. One distinct feature is that many horses are raced without riders. They seem to understand, and when the signal to "let go" is given they dart off at full speed, just as if riders were on their backs urging them forward. Compared with our finely bred, beautifully chiselled horses, such as one sees, or used to see, in Lucky Baldwin's or the late Senator Stanford's stables, what ragged, scrawny, wretched creatures these are; and yet when they run how they surprise you, how those ugly limbs seem to limber up, and those sleepy eyes gain fire!

Gambling at these races is carried to an extraordinary extent. Men, women, and children alike gamble all they possess, or even hope to possess. This gambling spirit has grown wonderfully in the past few years, for, during the Kohot Navaho's lifetime he constantly used his powerful influence to discourage it.

Gambling, unfortunately, is not confined merely to

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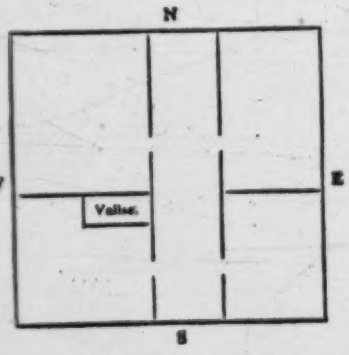
wild animals, and a large portion of it ridden in the dark night, for two dollars, with a bonus of fifty cents if the trip was made within twenty-four hours, — it was not extravagant pay, so I cheerfully acceded to his request for the bonus. But now came the difficulty of fully explaining to Spotty what I wanted, and where he could find it. The tent at Bass Camp was divided into five compartments, — two small rooms with canvas walls on either side of a long room which ran through the centre of the tent, its entire width. Making a plan of the tent on the ground, so, and giving him the compass points, I showed that my "all same white man's basket made of leather," viz., my valise, was in the northeast corner of the southwest room. The film was in the valise, but I also needed my ruby lamp, so I deemed it best for him to bring valise and lamp, which latter was separate. Off he went cheerfully and merrily, and two hours before the moon rose he was back at the camp with valise and lamp safe and secure. He received his bonus and we were both happy.



Like all other Indians, they used to have an abnormal dread of the camera.

One of my Havasupai friends, U-math-ka, thus stated his reasons for refusing to be photographed. With graphic gesture of horror and dread he said: "If you make my picture I die pretty soon. I look at the Sun. He get heap hot. I no breathe. I lie down. I die!"

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609 When I assured him no possible injury could result, he
177 yielded to my urgent entreaties so far as to consent to
152 allow me to make his sun-picture, on the sole condition, however, that I did not ask him to look at the camera, or to cease talking (he was relating some Havasupai myths at the time). His condition was what I desired, for it enabled me to secure the accompanying natural and life-like photograph.

195 In speech the Havasupai tongue is not very musical
194 or agreeable. The voices of men and women are soft and sweet, as a rule, and either when singing their rude aboriginal songs or those that they have been taught at school, they show a natural appreciation of tone that is not usual or common. In a sentence the last syllable of the last word is often a third higher than the rest of the word. This gives a singularly emphatic effect.

The voices of the men are not unpleasant, though generally they are thrown too high — head tones — to be agreeable; and as conversation increases they often allow their voices to rise to an almost querulous note. There is a good deal of the chant about it of a half-musical nature.

The women's voices are usually sweet and musical, but the language itself does not lend itself to the display of vocal sweetness. It is not a "liquid" language. It is full of crooks and twists, gutturals and harsh labials, and seems to be ground out in angles with a machine-like regularity. In some cases, the women, having imitated the querulous tone of some of the men, have developed a harshness that is disagreeable. The rapid-
192 ity with which they learn new words is remarkable.
153 Lanoman, one of the present policemen, asked me the

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796 123 After a formal introduction to all the chiefs and their approval given to my being accepted as Hotouta's brother and a fellow chief with him in the tribe of the Havasupais, the dance began. This is how it was conducted.

796 The "evangelist" sang over a strain of a new song. A dozen or so of the leaders took it up, and as soon as they were fairly familiar with it, the others joined in. Then the women took a hand, literally as well as figuratively, for they came in and separated the men, interlocking the fingers, midway between the first and second knuckle joints, standing shoulder to shoulder, and enlarging the group until a complete circle was formed. Then, with a side shuffling motion, moving one foot to 796 the left and following it rapidly but rhythmically with ● 152 the other, the while lustily and seriously singing the song they had just learned, the dance continued,—a dull, monotonous, sleep-producing ceremony, until the onlooker was awakened by manifestations he little expected to see at an Indian thanksgiving dance. Very often it occurs that women of the tribe are affected with a somewhat similar excitement to that which seizes the negro when he has "the power." With a shriek, the woman hysterically leaps within the circle made by the dancers, and howls and shouts and dances and jumps, and then, perhaps, throws herself in a heavy stupor upon the ground. Some will run to the centre post, and, hanging on with one or both hands, will swing rapidly around until they fall exhausted to the ground. When the male members tire of seeing these excitable females upon the ground, they unostentatiously step up to the prostrate figures, seize their long thick hair, swing it over the shoulder, and thus proceed to

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drag the now exhausted women to the fires, where friends of their own sex attend them until they "come to."

And what did all this ceremony mean? — for to the Havasupais it was a ceremony, performed with as much dignity as we perform our religious services in church or cathedral. While I was dancing Hotouta was giving an explanation to Mr. Bass. Each year this dance is performed as an act of highest devotion to gain the approbation of "Those Above." The Peach Dance is the "harvest thanksgiving" dance — when thanks are made for the gifts of the past and prayers are offered for the needs of the future.

The leader of the singing was a Chemehuevi Indian, — a tribe located west of the Wallapais and living mainly on the California side of the Colorado River.

He was a regular "evangelist" amongst the Indians, — a native Moody, and gifted enough, musically, to perform the part of Sankey or Excell. His harangue on this occasion was an unusually fervent oration, especially cutting to Hotouta, for he was one of the chief objects of the "evangelist's" vituperation and abuse. In fact had Hotouta been a white man he would have gone away saying the preacher was "horribly personal and disgracefully abusive" to the leading members of his congregation. He explained that the reason the tribe had lost so many of its members last year by the dread "grippe" was because of their levity. They had laughed too much, gone hunting and visiting white men's camps when they ought to have been dancing. They were allowing the white man to laugh them out of the traditions of their forefathers. Then he especially denounced all friendliness to the whites, and singled out

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—the whites—might claim the Havasu Canyon for themselves. 796 537

Thus he exhorted time after time, and, after each sermon, sang out, line for line, a new song that he desired them to learn. At first he alone sang, then Navaho and a few of the older ones took up the strain, and soon all joined in. Then the dance began, and continued with unabated zeal and fervor until the "missioner" gave the signal for rest. Then, after another harangue, another song was learned, another dance performed, and so on, *ad libitum*. [533]

The state of mental exaltation or frenzy, not unlike those peculiar manifestations of the negroes at revival meetings, the Shakers, "having the power," etc., is not uncommon among the Havasupais. At the Thapala Dance I have seen three women almost simultaneously suddenly dart from different parts of the dance circle, and hysterically shrieking, yelling, and singing, foaming at the mouth, tearing their hair, falling down with violence, and with appalling disregard to the injury to their own bodies dash against each other, or on the great central tree trunk, which stands like a flagpole in the centre of their dance corral, yield to this uncontrollable frenzy, and remain under its influence for an hour or more. During the whole time of their ecstasy, the dance continued uninterruptedly, except when one of the frenzied women dashed towards the dancers as if to escape the circle. Then the man nearest by rudely took her by the arms, body, or shoulders and thrust her, shrieking, back into the centre of the circle. 796 152 158

Yunosi gained her present name because of her occult powers and frenzied visions. After Hotouta's death she would occasionally wake up and cry out that she saw 787

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the East, is deemed the only appropriate gear in which to meet the dread summons to Shi-pa-pu. When life is extinct the dressed-up body is wrapped in the best blanket the hawa affords, and is then ready for the period of wailing and mourning. Relatives and friends of the deceased come and sit in the hawa, and as the spirit moves them they raise their voices in lamentation, or, singing the bravery, the daring, the good deeds of the deceased, ask for him a safe journey to the dread secret places of the underworld. Nothing can be more doleful than to hear these sad lamentations in the dead of the night. All is still, except the never-silent stream which steadily keeps up its murmur as it flows over the stones. Otherwise the very Angel of Silence seems to be brooding over the scene, for the babble of the creek merely accentuates the nearly perfect stillness. Suddenly a loud, long, minor wail rises from the hawa in the midst of the willows, and one feels that he can see the sound ascend to the heights of these enclosing walls, striking here and there, and then rebounding to opposing walls, until the canyon is full of voices, wailing one against the other and making a spirit chorus of infinite sadness and distress. The imagination unconsciously suggests that these echoing wails are the sympathizing spirit voices of men and women — former inhabitants of this canyon of the willows — who have come to weep with those who weep for their dead loved ones.

There is no fixed period for this wailing, but as soon as it is satisfactorily concluded the body is tenderly thrown across the best horse owned by the deceased, if a man, — or ridden by her, if a woman, — and, accompanied by other animals conveying some of his or her most desirable treasures, is taken to the burial or burn-

pick him up. By the time a baby is able to crawl to his mother, he will tug at her clothing when he wants to be fed. The accustomed expression of a contented baby as he plays alone, or is carried in a group of older children, is solemn, but the infant learns early to smile or laugh in response to other individuals. A baby or a young child, alone or in a group, plays quietly, seemingly reflecting the calm that prevails in the usual camp situation. The strident clamor of voice and the excited, helter-skelter pace of activity characteristic in the group play of white American children is conspicuously absent even among older Havasupai children.

Formerly, a mother took her baby along when she picked peaches or did other work not far from home. A conical burden basket was anchored to her back by a tumpline across her forehead or shoulders. With the baby on his cradle, she placed it in the burden basket facing away from her. The mother held the cradle upright with one hand extended over her shoulder. On the return trip, with the loaded burden basket on her back, she carried the baby's cradle in her arms. If the mother went away for a full day to gather wild foods, she usually left the baby at home with his father, grandmother, or older siblings. He was fed peach juice during her absence. The baby was never left alone.

At night an infant sleeps on his cradle near the mother, in his parents' bed, or on a separate bed within reach of the mother's hand. The earlier custom was to keep the baby in the cradleboard day and night, but babies are now removed from the cradle at frequent intervals. An infant may share his parents' bed until he is about a year old.

One mother summed up the use of the cradleboard thus:

"I put my baby in the cradle so he won't be spoiled by being held all the time. The cradle makes his body grow straight, and a cradleboard is easy to handle without tiring the mother or the baby. The baby can be taken anywhere without waking him, and he likes the cradle because it feels like someone is holding him. After my oldest boy could walk, he would bring his cradle to me and want to be in it. He was too tall then, but I would tie it on his back, and we all laughed while he walked around because he looked so funny. We said he looked like a beetle that way, but he didn't care. He just wanted the cradle."

When a baby sucks his hands, they are laced inside the cradle, or moved away from his mouth, but nothing distasteful is put on them. It is said that hand-sucking is discouraged because the baby might carry some object to his mouth and choke to death. If an infant seems inclined toward lefthandedness, his left hand is tied inside the cradle while his right hand remains free. "The people in the old times didn't want their children to be left-handed, but some of them turned out like that anyway." Improvised toys such as dewclaw rattles (Spier 1928, 303), wooden beads, or a small spoon made from a mountain sheep's horn formerly were tied to the cradle

Ceremonies and Other Public Activities

Funerals

764 562 [152] Women formerly took no part in crematory rites other than wailing as mourners and, perhaps, dressing the corpse. Mourners were not hired; such wailing was an expression of genuine sorrow, as it is today.

[177] [535] In the all night funeral ceremony held today, women are active with men as singers and dancers, although leadership rests with the men. In the dance, borrowed from the Paiute, a line of women faces the men's line, and the two lines dance backward and forward about 10 paces throughout the night with pauses only between the dance songs. Women may also sing with the two other groups of singers who perform simultaneously with the dancers, but ordinarily they do not. One woman who sometimes does so is the Walapai wife of a Havasupai shaman. It is said that she is asked to sing because she knows all the songs.

Announcements of Divorce

586 203 [562] In earlier days, it was customary for husband and wife in a divorce to state their respective cases publicly. Apparently, this procedure served as a public announcement of status change for the divorcing parties. At the same time, and probably this is the immediate reason for the custom, it afforded both husband and wife an opportunity to state or answer charges in an attempt to win popular sympathy or support. In this matter, a woman had an equal right with a man to present her case.

Gambling

525 [657] Public gambling was a daily diversion on the Havasupai reservation until recently. Each afternoon in good weather, men and women gathered in an uncultivated plot of land beside the main trail in Supai which was popularly referred to as "the gambling place." Officially, Indian Service personnel frowned upon this custom, and there were attempts to stop it altogether. But in the words of one informant: "If we don't gamble, we got no fun down here. We always gamble. Once about 1933-36 agent try to make us stop, but people tell him we got no other fun. It's good for us. We always do like that. People don't quit and pretty soon agent he don't say no more about it. Here it goes around pretty even. Nobody wins or loses all time and if somebody lose too much he don't quit gambling, just come back next day, play some more, and win again maybe. We keep track and every time he wins, it goes on debt till all paid up. Then he's clear again."

Under aboriginal conditions, gambling was not a daily practice, but it was a popular pursuit whenever two or three families were camping together and during the months when many of the families were living in Cataract

This is not to suggest that Havasupai women find no fault with their position. Women under aboriginal conditions apparently chafed under physical abuse by their husbands, the practice of polygyny, and certain other conditions not to their liking. They did not always accept the inevitable with equanimity merely because it was inevitable; women were given to fighting in situations which were disagreeable to them, although they might be certain of eventual defeat. Under Anglo-American influence, the Havasupai woman appears to be even less willing to resign herself to situations which formerly were hopeless but which now appear susceptible to improvement.

181 562 867 [578] [177]

The Havasupai male, on the other hand, is born into a society in which he is dominant, in which there is usually a woman to do his bidding if he chooses to command her. A boy is pampered, indulged, and relatively undisciplined or unrestrained until rather late in childhood, and stern measures then are rarely taken with him. Perhaps this absence of need for much self-discipline or self-denial furnishes a clue to why men sometimes destroy themselves or resort to violent behavior when they face disappointment or defeat. The contrasting situation for the female may suggest why women do not exhibit such extreme behavior in similar circumstances. Through a long series of small disappointments and the necessity for continuous self-discipline, the female may be conditioned to accept the larger life crises, not always with equanimity, but with some fortitude.

Women are permitted certain patterns of self-expression of a hysterical nature which may help to spend emotions arising from frustrations. These same excesses of emotional expression are not open to Havasupai men who are more likely to seek an outlet in aggressive behavior, sometimes at a woman's expense.

152 181 562

In comparison with neighboring women of the Hopi or Navaho tribes, the Havasupai woman occupies a position of much less security or independence. Both Hopi and Navaho women are pivotal figures in a matrilineal clan system, whereas Havasupai women, in a clanless but patrilineal and largely patrilocal society, remain in a fringe position throughout life. (Status and role for Hopi women have been documented by Simpson, 1953; Thompson and Joseph, 1944; and Thompson, 1950; and for Navaho by Kluckhohn and Leighton, 1946; Underhill, 1953; Reichard, 1934 and 1936.)

181 562

Among the sedentary and monogamous Hopi, women own the houses, home furnishings, land, seeds, field crops, and food stores. Hopi women thus are socially and economically secure regardless of marital status. In addition, women receive labor in their fields and gifts from their sons, brothers, and brothers' sons. By contrast, among the Havasupai, men aboriginally owned and, with a few exceptions still own, houses, land, and crops. Formerly, the seminomadic Havasupai moved from one rude shelter to another on tribally owned hunting and gathering grounds or camped seasonally at family gardening plots.

421 562 [221]

142 mouth, round which they slightly curve. The necks are short, though well developed.

The women are shorter than the men, with thicker, bushier, coarser hair; broader, flatter faces, inclined to roundness; mouths and eyes larger, though the latter are less prominent; shoulders and thighs very broad; breasts rather flat and with enormously long mammæ; arms and legs admirably formed, with small, shapely hands and feet. Stoutness and corpulency are common with
[481] them, and in walking they spread the legs very far apart, which gives them an awkward and curious appearance *en route*. Both men and women are rather
[515] light complexioned, although the women are lighter, and at the same time dirtier, than the men. Among the children, the two sexes appear less different from each other, both resembling the women, except that their extremities are poorly developed.

● 152 The Ha-va-su-pai are very merry and
181 somewhat vivacious, most affectionate
609 to children and pets, and very hospitable to strangers, although excessively suspicious of them and timid, until entirely assured of their peaceful intentions, when they become communicative and familiar; even the children approaching them, and never crying, as is the case with most other Indian children,
[578] if they are themselves approached. They are of a very peaceable disposition, never quarreling among themselves, save with
181 their tongues, and then only to resent a
152 supposed wrong. They are nevertheless passionate, although able to control themselves admirably under heat. When angry they talk excessively, and when beaten or discouraged in a quarrel, smother their wrath either in sulky silence or extremely politic bearing toward the offensive party. Wonderfully fearful and distrustful by nature, they are also long-suffering, although determined and emotionless in dealing revenge or death to their enemies. They

They never chastise children, although, like them, they are fitfully very cruel or kind to pets and domesticated animals. The men, who constantly crowded about my host's hut, were incessantly chattering and laughing, even when the gravest subjects were approached or discussed. The women are by education less vivacious than the men. While paying no attention to pets, they are as affectionate toward children as are the men. They shrink from strangers, rarely, if ever, join in conversation, and preserve a modest bearing, not so much from nature as through fear of censure from the men. They are patient and industrious in the extreme, and while at work are inclined to chat in a sort of monotone with one another. During the absence of the men, they are more disposed to be communicative with strangers, seemingly, not sharing their suspicions of them. The women are not as passionate as the men, although easily moved to tears.

The men are very inquisitive, curious to know about other nations, although not much impressed by things beyond their own comprehension, and unable readily to receive complex ideas. They are humorous and quite witty, delighting in repartee, hoaxing, and jokes; and look in a facetious rather than a critical light upon the awkwardness or discomfiture, even though serious, of others. They laughed and chatted and joked for hours about the death of one of our horses, and the predicament it left us in. The animal, weak after its terrible passage of the deserts, had staggered into the river and drowned. Most spirited and laughable pictures were drawn of our probable sufferings and tears, when returning without the horse; but they said we ought to be comforted in our loss, even with the prospect of famine or exhaustion, when we reflected that it was a great gain to themselves; furnishing them plenty of fresh meat, and cheapening wonderfully the contents of at least one pack. Their perceptive faculties

Throughout his life he had been well regarded, and during his final illness received the well wishes of many visitors who were deeply grieved at his approaching death. 764 [763] [554]

The following day, in Havasupai village, Alva Jones, a village "crier," made the public announcement in a five minute oration in which he did not mention the deceased by name, referring to him as "that old man who was sick at Grand Canyon." He urged that the funeral be held in Supai and that the body be returned there for burial, but indicated that the relatives would make the decision. [203]

Since the surviving relatives did not wish to suffer the expense of bringing the body to Supai, burial was arranged at the Drift Fence (between Grand Canyon village and Topocoba Hilltop) where the Havasupai have for some years maintained a small cemetery.

Among the people in the canyon several were restless, especially at night, and some reported seeing the ghost of Mexican Jack. It was not felt that this apparition would be harmful, but that in wanting to talk to the living it could be potentially dangerous. [775]

Mexican Jack was buried at the Drift Fence within a day or two with little ceremony.

On the afternoon of August 4th, Arthur Kaska, whose house was just across a fence marking the public land used for recreation, mounted his horse and rode to the recreation area, where rodeo practice was being held. From a position on horseback near the cow chute, he called a lengthy announcement to the effect that the funeral dance would be held that night. He urged everyone to attend and told them that the dance would be held in front of the house of Clark Jack, Mexican Jack's son. 765

By 8:30 p. m. a fire had been built in front of the house, and relatives of the deceased had begun to gather around it. Mark Hanna came and addressed the nonrelatives who were grouped nearby. He requested that someone from the audience act as a speaker to remonstrate with the relatives about weeping over the dead. There was no immediate response.

While Mark was talking, many other people arrived. It appeared that everyone had walked to the ceremony. No horses were to be seen that night or in the morning. (Havasupais, especially men and boys, usually ride everywhere--except to funerals and the annual round dance.) [492]

Soon the wailing by relatives began and people piled gifts of clothing near the mourners. The relatives were standing together in a tight line, [152]

765 while others gathered in a huddle around them. All wept and wailed aloud,
●152 "a-a-a-a-oh-oh-oy-oy-oy-oy-oy." Not everyone repeated this precisely, and individual variation occurred in forming the sounds, pitch, and repetition.

Some people stood around for several minutes before joining the mourners, although gradually most of them joined the group, placing their right hands on a mourner's left shoulder as they wailed.

This initial wailing and emotional display lasted for 10 or 15 minutes.
[537] Then Mark Hanna made a speech to the relatives, advising them to grieve now, and then to forget the dead and turn their thoughts to the living. Women stood with heads bowed and shoulders drooped. During the speech they occasionally broke out in low wailing almost like a song, but softly, so they could still hear what was being said. Men, too, stood with bowed heads and hats pulled down so that the brims hid their faces. Certain individuals displayed more emotion than others. One boy's shoulders shook as he was wracked with sobbing, while others merely made the appropriate sounds. Clark Jack wailed in a rather high, thin voice, while others, notably Louis Sinyella, had full voices that produced musical sounds even in the wail.

537 After Mark's speech, Clark spoke, extolling the virtues of his father
765 and his love for him. He recounted his feelings when the hospital tests in-
152 dicated that his father would not live long.

Both speeches, especially Clark's, were delivered in quavering tones, the men being overcome by emotion so that some words broke or came out in a "squeak." Tears ran down their faces. Clark's speech was an emotional experience such as most people would deliver if they tried to speak at the funeral of a beloved parent. It was a dignified and genuine display of a man's feelings in a ritual, culturally determined, and approved pattern.

765 While this last talk was being delivered, Teddy and some others, boys and men, set three posts in the ground and nailed boards from the top of one to the other, and from it to the corner of a small storeroom. On these they spread out the clothing donated for Mexican Jack. On the center post they hung a pair of new chaps. Then chairs were brought from the church [an Episcopal mission] and placed in two rows facing each other in front of Clark's house.

765 Mark and Arthur took places on the opposite side of the fire facing
535 east between the two rows of dancers. The male dancers faced south. Those with rattles, Lemuel, Louis, and Teddy, took their places, and were joined by Dan and Floyd. These all kept their same places throughout the night. Toward morning James, with his rattle, sat next to Teddy on the east end

[text continues on p. 22]

765 Around 5:00 o'clock, when the sky was getting light, Guy Marshall and some other boys quickly dug a hole about 3 1/2 feet long, 2 feet wide, and 2 1/2 feet deep. They chopped some logs into short lengths and started a fire in it. Then someone came and asked Mack Putesoy to take charge of burning the clothing. Guy assisted him. Some boys removed it from the display rack and piled it on the east side of the firepit on top of two pasteboard boxes and a suitcase, containing Mexican Jack's personal clothing and possessions, on which Clark had sat throughout the night. Mack sprinkled this pile with a gallon of kerosene before consigning it to the flames.

765 535 After the last regular dance, all the dancers, led by James Wescogame and Teddy, began the round dance. They again moved out of the dance area to the firepit and, with the round dance step, circled the fire and clothing, with Mack and Guy inside the circle, which moved to the left. Although Bela and one or two boys fell in at the end of the line after the women, the number of dancers was too few to form an enclosed circle around the fire area. They continued to dance until all the donated clothing was thrown on the fire. The 765 last item consumed was the new chaps. Then the dancers stopped while the ●152 boxes and suitcase were emptied of their contents, and moved over to join the mourners and Mark, Arthur, and Allen, who had started to wail again when the fire was ignited. Arthur cried long and emotionally, with tears streaming down his face, his nose running, and saliva dripping from his mouth as he leaned forward so as not to soil his clothes. He had frequently wiped his tears away with his handkerchief during the night, and occasionally twisted it in his hands.

Clark kept wailing after the other mourners had stopped, accompanied only by Louis Sinyella, who wailed loudly in a deeper musical tone and a more ritual manner as he stood with his hand on Clark's shoulder.

765 Before the fire had burned down, but at the end of the wailing, people left. Those who had been sleeping in scattered groups around the area awoke and moved away. Only a few stayed behind to cover the hole and the fire.

[291] No participant had worn any costume or "badge of office." Men and women wore their usual clothing with no attempt at "dressing their best." A few men wore light overcoats or raincoats. Several women wore short jackets or sweaters, while a few boys wrapped themselves in blankets to ward off the early morning chill. The only special equipment used was the five rattles and the donated clothing.

[775] The following night Mark reported that he had seen Mexican Jack's spirit around the ceremonial area the previous evening, and Teddy confided to Sidney that he had seen Mexican Jack's apparition standing beside him as he danced, and later saw in the fire when the clothes were burned.